

# PHŒBE KISSAGEN

OR THE

REMARKABLE ADVENTURES, SCHEMES

WILES AND DEVILRIES

OF

UNE MAQUERELLE

BEING A SEQUEL TO

"THE NEW EPICUREAN"

Sir Toby. — « Do'st think that  
because thou art virtuous, there  
shall be no more cakes and ale? »

Clown. — « Yea! by St. Anne,  
and ginger shall be let i'the  
mouth, too! »

*Twelfth Night, or What you will.*

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23

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## PHOEBE KISSAGEN.

### LETTER I.

Which being introductory, will not prove very  
interesting to the reader.

TO LADY G..... R.

ADAM,

Your billet came safe to hand, and I feel much  
honoured by your ladyship's commands, which, as  
in duty bound, I shall obey to the best of my poor  
ability. You express surprise, my lady, that I  
should be so expert with my pen; perhaps your  
ladyship is not aware that Sir Charles took a deal  
of trouble with my education; being naturally of  
weak parts, I profited by the instruction of the good  
gentleman. Then his conversation was always  
useful to me, for he could talk history wonderfully,  
I devoutly believe, knew by heart every partic-  
ular of all the amours of our kings and queens  
in the days of Guinevere, the fair, frail spouse

of King Arthur; but what most delighted him were the witty memoirs of the Comte de Grammont, in which a full account is given of the voluptuous Court of Charles II. So it came to pass that what with hearing him read out of that book, and tell anecdotes he had read elsewhere, I gained an insight to men and manners, and, as courtesy and politeness are the same in every age, I learnt the meaning of those qualities, and also gained some knowledge of taste.

But while I have been running on about myself, your ladyship is doubtless dying with impatience to have your letter answered.

I am requested to tell your ladyship all I can concerning poor Sir Charles' (1) last moments—a melancholy subject, madam, which I would fain not have alluded to. Ah! my lady, what a gallant gentleman he was!

After our retreat into Herefordshire (which your ladyship may remember, was in consequence of that unfortunate duel, and lady Cecilia's elopement), my master never seemed the same man at all. Whether his wound was the cause, or what it was I cannot say, but he seemed to grow old and peevish, as it were, all at once; and although he survived that event seventeen years, and for six of them had Miss Medley, besides Chloe and myself, for his mis-

(1) This personage, the hero of the *New Epicure*, is supposed to have been the notorious Colonel Chatter, immortalised by Heccarth in the first plate of the *Barbets Progress*. The redoubtable Colonel took his trial at the Old Bailey for a rape in 1736, and only escaped the halter by the address of his counsel. — Ed.

tresses, and continued very fond of toying with us, seeing us naked, gamahuching, and the like, he never performed the act of love with that vigour which formerly characterised him. He would sit by the window, looking dreamily out into the noble park which surrounds S. . . . n Hall, listening to the melancholy rustling of the trees, for hours.

Your ladyship knows what a singular penchant Sir Charles had for young girls; this taste of his grew upon him largely. He cared no longer for girls of twelve or thirteen, nothing would do then, but we must furnish him with pretty children, mere babies of six or seven. These little girls it was his delight to gamahuche, and at length he became impotent unless one or two of them were present when he desired our company, upon which Miss Medley, Chloe, and I made very sad reflections.

At length one evening — well do I remember it — the 3<sup>rd</sup> of December, Sir Charles sent for me to his chamber.

"Phoebe," says he, "I feel quite myself this evening, and am resolved to dress; go, child, and tell cook to let us have a good supper, — a roasted pheasant, or something of that sort. Here are my keys; get out some wine from N<sup>o</sup> 8 bin; mind, with the green seal. Dummie, we'll make a night of it."

I obeyed his orders, and then returned to the dressing-room. Sir Charles was gay and merry; already he had donned his best wig and ruffled shirt; his rich embroidered suit, the one made for him by Rivière, of Paris, and which he had not worn for an age, lay on a chair near him.

The good gentleman was full of fun, and took all sorts of liberties with me while I helped him to



dress, which you may be sure pleased me mightily, as they proved what excellent spirits he was in.

Going down at length into the long drawing-room, where a large fire burned brightly upon the hearth, he rang for Chloe and the little girls, with whom he amused himself till supper was ready, telling with great glee many of his old droll stories and double entendres; in short, he outdid himself by the brilliancy of his conversation, and the sparkle of his wit. I quite regretted Mrs. Jackson (Miss Medley as used to be) was not present.

When supper was ready, he did the honours with his usual grace, drank bumper after bumper of Burgundy, and enjoyed himself as I had not seen him do for many a long year.

Supper over and the door fastened, the real fun of the evening commenced. Nothing would do but he must display before us some of his former vigour. So, calling upon Chloe (who I must acquaint your ladyship, has grown up into a very fine woman) to kneel upon the sofa, he tossed up her clothes, and displayed to view her large, white dimpled posterior, beneath which might now be seen that no longer hairless cleft, the sweet sign of her sex, a rosy portal, which stood partly open to receive his wand.

While I was expecting the young girls to be called forward to gambouche him, to the surprise of us all, Sir Charles undid his flap, and displayed his truncheon, hard and erect in all the pride of its former days. So without more ado, he caught a good hold of Chloe round the hips, and was into her in a minute. She, nothing loath, received him with a hearty welcome, and began to wriggle and twist in good style. In about ten minutes Sir Charles

had done the trick, and lay upon her firm breasts, panting with delight.

When he had a little recovered himself, and had a glass of wine, he took the two little naked girls, placed one astride his pego, while he gambouched the other. Then, being again ready for action, he led me to the sofa, and telling me to lie upon my back, commenced upon me quite en règle, Chloe, and the children skilfully manipulating meanwhile.

Nothing could exceed the furor with which he played his part, covering my face, neck, and breasts with kisses.

Suddenly a tremor seized him, he spent, and lay prone upon me like a log! Why was he so heavy? What meant that glassy stare? Oh, horror! — I lay joined to a corpse! Sir Charles was dead!

So soon as I became aware of this terrific fact, I struggled from under the body, and rising up, saw with feelings I can never forget, the awe-inspired countenances of my companions.

But my usual presence of mind came to my aid. I re-adjusted his dress, and laid the body gently on its back on the sofa, which bore the evidences of love's highest raptures.

How suitable a bier for the man! Alas! poor Sir Charles! I sent the children, under the care of Chloe, to bed. I put the room a little in order, and then, but not till then, did I pull violently at the bell, and summon the servants.

Three or four came running in.

"Quick!" said I, run and fetch the doctor, you will find him at the Rectory; I heard him say he was going to have a rubber with the parson this evening. Run! Sir Charles is in a fit!

They disappeared like lightning, for all his servants loved him, and I, yes, I was left alone with the corpse. Yes, there it lay in its embroidered suit, the waxy fingers glistening with gems, and the diamond shoe buckles flashing light. So still! Could this be the gallant Sir Charles? I could stand it no longer, and fairly blubbered like a child, for let me tell your ladyship, I truly loved that man.

In an incredibly short space of time, the doctor arrived, and he told me at once what I had previously understood — his old friend and benefactor was dead.

There was an inquest, when the jury returned the verdict: "Died by the visitation of God," which for my part, I consider very ridiculous, as the doctor told those wisecracks that it was disease of the heart.

\* \*

After the funeral, we received a visit from the lawyer of Sir Charles, who informed Chloe and myself very politely that three thousand pounds each had been bequeathed to us. He added that the heir would be down next day, and he thought we should see the propriety of leaving the Hall before his arrival, and he hoped we should take the children with us, as no provision appeared to have been made for them.

To these propositions we consented, and left that same night. Three days afterwards we were in London.

We found comfortable lodgings in a street over against St. Martin's Church, at Charing Cross, and I at once gave Chloe her cue. I was to pass for a widow, whose husband, a ship captain, had been

drowned three years before. Chloe was my sister, the little girls my children. With this view, I told them they were always to call me mamma, and Chloe aunt. Poor innocents! they had no recollection of a mother, having both been kidnapped by gipsies, from whom I bought them for Sir Charles, nor have I the least idea of the condition of life from which they had been removed.

Having thus cleared the ground, we were prepared with a ready tale, when the next morning our officious landlady with the curiosity of her class, began, while setting the breakfast things, to put the usual pumping questions.

That good woman having forced out, as she thought, all she wanted to know, and seeing our purses were well filled, left us at length with a profusion of courtesies.

In the course of the morning, sending for a coach, and taking the children with us, we set off for the Temple.

In Pump Court lived a young member of the bar, a Mr. Randall, whom we were well acquainted with, from his having been a frequent visitor at the Hall in the shooting season.

This young spark was our very good friend — perhaps something more, and to him we proposed to apply as to the best means of investing our legacies.

We found our young Templar up three pair of stairs, in a very cheerful chamber. He received us in his robe-de-chambre, and with many apologies for the disorder of his rooms, set chairs and desired us to be seated.

As your ladyship has possibly never been in the



Temple, a description of this young gentleman's chambers may amuse you.

The apartment in which we found ourselves was spacious, and well panelled with good oak wainscot, lighted by two casement windows which looked into the stone-paved court, in the centre of which stands a big pump, from which I suppose it derives its name. A large maple table, six massive chairs covered in sadly faded and worn velvet, a cabinet, and a rickety sideboard, comprised the furniture.

Over the chimney piece was what had once been a superb Venetian mirror, in a gilt frame, with sconces for lights; but now, all cracked and clouded, the gilding tarnished, it presented a sad picture of departed glory.

On the walls hung fencing foils and masks, boxing gloves, prints representing favorite racehorses, pugilists, and so on. Mixed up with the remains of breakfast, lay the remnants of last night's debauch; a smashed punch bowl, wine glasses, pieces of pipes, lemons, etc.

On the sideboard were numerous bottles, full and empty, and the whole room was reeking with the odour of stale tobacco smoke, wine, and strong waters.

To complete the scene, so strange to our eyes, in a corner lay our young gallant's sword, thrust through the belt, instead of into the scabbard, his wig, a watchman's lantern, a staff, a woman's cap, and a garter! — the latter most probably the spoil of some affray in which the madcap had been engaged the night before, when he had beaten the watch.

A door on one side of the chamber I presumed to open into the bed room; but as there was no saying whether it might not contain some fair creature, your ladyship may be sure I was not so indiscreet as to put any impertinent question.

Mr Randall, having first picked up his wig, which he tossed carelessly on his head, turned to me and inquired, —

“What happy circumstance am I indebted to for the honour of a visit?”

I briefly told him I had called to request his advice as to the best way of investing our money.

“And so,” said Mr Randall, crossing his legs, and producing a handsome snuff box, which he opened with one hand after the last mode and presented to me, and then took a large pinch, “so that dear old sinner is defunct?”

I nodded.

“Strange,” he continued, “that I should not have heard of his death; but, gad, Herefordshire is a deuce of a way off. He was a capital fellow, was Sir Charles, but a very devil for the girls. Well, well, we must all die some day, I suppose, damme! And now, my dear creatures, what can I do for you? I cannot marry you both, but will take whichever of you will have me.”

He stopped a second, and receiving no reply, continued. —

“But, damme, all this time you are wanting to learn how to invest your money? Three thousand pounds each! By Jove, that was devilish handsome of the old boy, though, wasn't it? Well, let me see, there's (counting on his fingers) — 1, Long Annuities; 2, Consols; 3, Indian Bonds; 4, South

Sea (that's a bubble, mind my words, a bubble, not bubby, my dear, \* the wag added aside, and turning to Chloe, \* I did not say bubby, but a bubble — a bubble, my dear creatures, that will burst); 5. There's Government Securities — Stop, I have it, \* he continued; \* there is a capital house to be sold in Leicester Fields; it is freehold, well built, and handsomely fitted up; a night house, where all the bloods (1) about town go, to get rid of their money. Old Mother H. — has made a fortune there in five years, and is now retiring from business. She will want, let me see, I should say a thousand for the goodwill, and five hundred more for the furniture — a capital spec! The price of the freehold is two thousand, so that you may have the whole thing out and out for a cool seventeen hundred and fifty pounds each, if you two go halves. That is little more than half your money and with the rest you can buy an Annuity, my darlings. \*

As, notwithstanding all his madcap ways, we knew Mr Randall to be a shrewd, clever man of the world, and of undoubted probity, I felt strongly inclined to agree; but Chloe, more cautious, proposed that we should think it all over, and so we left.

To cut the matter short, I may as well tell your ladyship that a few days afterwards we again saw our friend, and told him we had decided to follow his advice; and now I am mistress of the most patrician house of pleasure in the metropolis frequented as it is by nearly all the quality.

But really this letter has <sup>already been much too</sup> long, so with my humble duty to your ladyship, I remain, madam,

Your servant to command,

PHOEBE KISSAGEN.

## LETTER II.

In which the reader is initiated in some of the mysteries practised in a modern temple of Venus.

Now strip my children, now at once leap in,  
And see who best can dash through thick and thin.

POPE.

TO LADY MARY MONTAGUE.

MADAM,

I am vastly obliged to your good ladyship for all your kind inquiries. I am happy to say that, thank the Lord, my new place of business is thriving nicely and while I can maintain my company select, and my girls in good health, all will go on well. As my customers are all gentlemen of the first quality, I can fit your ladyship to a hair with a gal-



hut, whenever you like to honour Leicester Field with a visit; mine is the corner house at the south end; but be pleased, madam, to give me a day's notice, to give time for a few necessary inquiries.

You desire me, my lady, to give you a relation of our doings here, in the rogering line, and I'll use my endeavours to please your ladyship, which I can the more readily do, as both Chloe and self have peepholes to all the rooms of our wenches, and can both see and hear all that passes in those chambers whenever we have a mind to.

I will therefore take them in rotation, from no. 1. to no. 20.

ROOM 1.

Last night this room was hired by young Sir Charteres Neville. Miss Sophy Baller, to whom the chamber belongs, is as pretty a piece of goods as you ever saw in your life; a little woman, exceedingly well made, and just turned twenty.

She has the most languishing black eyes in the world, and her fine hair, which is a rich chestnut colour, she wears *au naturel*, as the French say, that is without powder or ribbons; only on one side of her head is attached, jauntily enough, a real danisk rose.

She has a skin perfectly smooth, white, and polished as marble. Her breasts are two hard, white balls, which, without the aid of stays, stand both upright, and are of great size and volume. Her waist is little, and this beauty very much enhances the delicious bulge of her plump hips and posteriors. Sure no one but your ladyship has such lovely hemispheres, as one of my gentlemen calls

me; beginning at the fleshy part of her thigh, they seem to meander away upwards quite to her waist, where they terminate, leaving two deep dimples on either side of the ravishing crease.

For the rest, she has a belly smooth and white, cunny tight and well fledged, a well turned leg, and small feet.

Sir Charteres, who is a handsome young man as any girl could desire, appeared very fine in his embroidered suit and full bottomed periwig, sword, bag, and solitaire.

He entered the room laughing, with his arm round Sophy's waist, in great glee at finding the dear girl disengaged. She is his favorite piece, for, the saucy gentleman observed to me one day, —

• Phoebe, • says he, • for a jolly good fuck, give me a girl with an arse of her own; none of your dinky slips of girls will suit my fancy — plenty of white, firm flesh, Phoebe, that's the thing I require. Bless the dear young fellow's heart, he got all he wanted in Sophy!

As soon as he had secured the door, he said, — • Come, my dear, off with your rattletraps — clothes are great enemies to the rites of Venus. •

And so saying, he began to set the example, jolling off his things with astonishing alacrity. Sophy laughed to see how quick he was, but, as she was not encumbered with much dress beyond her loose gown and smock, she very soon stood up in her stockings and shoes, all else being entirely naked.

At this sight, the young gentleman tore off his breeches, the only thing he still wore, and bounding



to her, he caught the sweet girl in his arms, and buried his face in her bobbies. Then he lifted her up, and thrusting out his tongue, he licked her nearly all over her titties, her cunny, her dimpled bum, arms, face; and then, as if he had not satisfied his hunger, he finally thrust his fiery tongue into her little rosy mouth.

She, being an adept in her art, and, as I can assure your ladyship, one of the best performers in the whole world, expanded wide her plump thighs; then seizing on his hard, red-headed staff, she guided the restive steed into the stable.

This action on her part so excited Sir Charteris that, tipping her back on the bed, he was upon her in a moment.

It was a sight that did my heart good, to see these two young creatures, in the bloom of youth, health and beauty, enjoying all the sweets of love. For now Sophy began to wriggle and twist, first throwing one leg over his back, then the other, now with a desperate bound tossing him up, then with expanding limbs catching him again, like a game of *emp and ball*; but human nature could not stand this sort of thing very long, and so, amidst sighs and coos, and, "Oh, my precious loves," and "Ahs," and "Urs," the climax came, and dissolved in bliss; they then lay for some minutes in each other's arms quite still.

But soon the fire of desire again played in the veins of the young lover, and rising, he made Sophy kneel upon all fours on the bed; then, after kissing and caressing those bulging Turkish beauties of hers, he pointed his rampant prick at the right spot, and seizing on her bobbies he began to move with

great rapidity, going home to the hilt at every thrust.

Nothing I can assure your ladyship, could be more exhilarating and exciting than this scene, Sophy bounding, and ever and anon, by the flexibility of her loins, giving her buttocks a voluptuous shake.

The smacking of his belly against them, and then the great beauty of the two forms — nothing could be finer. It was a triumph of nature, and I could not help regretting that Mr Gervaise was not with me, to make a drawing of the pair.

But, alas! the greatest pleasures in this life are but fleeting, as the worthy Sir Charles used to say, for in about five minutes their sighs came short and quick, their ejaculations of bliss commenced, and soon all was over for that bout. So, leaving my young lovers to recover themselves, I thought I would see what was going on in

## Room II.

Here a very different scene was enacting.

The first person my eyes rested on, was a tall middle-aged man, dressed entirely in black, but the brilliants of the finest water which sparkled in the buckles of his shoes and in his silver-mounted sword, the delicate whiteness of his hands, and the costly Mechlin-lace ruffles which shaded them, smacked too much of *la mode*, for any person to be mistaken in the quality of the gentleman. He was in fact, no other but your old friend Lord Partington. He was leaning in the most graceful attitude against a cabinet, holding in his right hand a formidable looking

birch rod tied up with scarlet ribbon. In front of him stood three remarkably pretty young girls of thirteen or fourteen years of age, who were, in fact, my flogging pupils, who went by the names of Cherry, Merry, and Frolic.

Miss Cherry was in the act of horsing the lovely Frolic; while Merry, laughing all the time, rolled up her clothes to her shoulders, and prepared to hold her feet.

As soon as all was ready, and the peach-like budding bottom of the sweet girl well exposed to view, together with a charming rosy cunny, perfectly free from any vestige of hair, which pouted out impudently beneath those tempting globes, his lordship advanced and imprinted on them a rapturous kiss. Then, standing back two or three feet, he raised his arm.

"Now miss," cried he, affecting great anger, "I'll teach you not to be naughty any more, a good sound flogging will do you good."

With that he commenced laying on in good earnest, and with all the strength of his arm.

At first, the poor little buttocks of miss Frolic only assumed a deep carnation hue, but soon up rose large weals, the blood started forth and ran down her thighs. She roared, she screamed for mercy.

"Oh, oh, oh! my lord, for heaven's sake! Ah! it is dreadful. Mercy! Mercy!"

But the excitement was too charming to Lord Fartington, he felt a sensible thrill of delight, every stroke he gave, and relaxed not his blow till quite exhausted, and the rod worn to a stump, he sank down on the floor.

As for poor Frolic, she was carried, fainting and

moaning to her room. And here, my lady, I may take occasion to remark, that for my part I never could see the pleasure of this flogging litch. My late excellent friend and patron had the penchant a little in his youth, and there were times when he would amuse himself by birching Daphnis and Chloe (1), but he never hit very hard, and only made their rums glow rosy and red. As to drawing blood and treating them in this barbarous manner, he was altogether too humane for that. But hear the sequel of this singular scene.

By the time Merry and Cherry had returned to bed, his lordship was on his legs again, as right as a trivet. Then my two little dears, knowing quite well their parts, began to reproach him for his cruelty, and at length seizing upon him, had his breeches down in a trice; then they tied his hands, and pushing him forward on the bed, Merry seized his legs. While Cherry, taking a brand new rod out of the closet, belaboured his buttocks most furiously. He all the time making a great to do, pretending to struggle to free himself, and begging for mercy. When Cherry was tired, Merry advanced with another new rod, so that in ten minutes the bed was covered with blood, and his bum as raw as beefsteak.

Suddenly his lordship sprang off the bed, displaying his pego hard and stiff against his belly. "I have seldom seen a finer erection. Quick, quick!" he exclaimed; and he seized on little Merry,

(1) Characters in the « New Epicurean. »



tossing up her clothes in a moment. Then mounting upon her, he began driving at her little cur.

The girl was tight at first, but as the cur was too big for her, that he hurt her.

It was to give him great delight; and to make her cry out the more, he began nipping at her thighs and little bottom with his nails, and growling like a wild beast. I expected to see him bite the girl, so I ran to see.

I saw him do so, but I did not see the girl. I was so much interested in the cur, that I did not look at the girl.

When you, madam, to me it seemed vastly absurd, and so ludicrous did my lord look with his wig awry, and his whipped posteriors, that I had the greatest possible difficulty to keep from laughing.

But when getting off the girl at length (who by the bye, he had well nigh split up with his cork) he went to sit down, but quickly I perceived that I could hold in no longer.

Well, woman! cried Lord Partington.

Oh dear me, no! My Lord, this is the loss of her pretty little head, this is the ruin in the town, my lord, we has no more.

But I heard some one laugh, retorted his lordship, a little softened, however.

Nothing, said Chertsey, pertly; we are all very well, certainly, and every night, and No more should your lordship, and she dropped him the prettiest curtsy in the

Partington had buttoned up his breeches, however, many a wry face while permutation, and setting his wig straight, and buckled

alone was left to show the way. He took a candle and led the way. Now, it is a peculiar circumstance, that he is always before he begins his sport, and is so stonorous and rude when all is over. He did not leave the little matter of payment to be settled between him and Chertsey, but waylaid my lord on the stairs.

Well, woman! said he roughly, what do you want?

Come, come, my lord, be civil, if you please. I know very well what I want without my telescope. Marry-come-up! you're not the quality that comes to my house by night. I exclaimed, setting my arms

Well, woman! said he roughly, what do you want?

"The matter is, my lord," said I, assuming indignant air; "that you have nearly floored my girls to death, and it may be that she's fit for business. And as for the other, she's well nigh split her up and spilt my marrow. She is a flogging girl, not a fucking one, as you say. I care well, and you ought to have sent to one of the other rooms for a woman if you wanted one, not to trouble the maidenhead of a young creature. My lord, I thought you were a gentleman. Never to give either of my poor girls a crown for themselves. Oh, my! how do I hate mean people!"

"Stop, stop! my good Mrs. Keston," cried the alarmed peer, seeing that I had aroused the whole house, and that heads were popping out of the doors of the different chambers in every direction. "For heaven's sake hold your clatter, and name your price."

"This was all I wanted, so I now lowered my tone, and coming to the point by degrees, showed his lordship out at last with a profusion of smiles and a crisp bank note for two hundred pounds crumpled up in my hand."

I now went to look after my girls. The first was dreadfully mauled indeed, and was lying on the bed with a guinea in her hand, and a glass of wine and a hot flogging. The second was lying on her back, her poor little bum with an angry red mark always kept for the purpose, I drew her curtain and left her to repose."

I now returned to No 2, where I found little Mary still crying, and in a great fright lest I should be angry with her for allowing his lordship to molest her.

maidenhead. I comforted her as well as I could, and she was soon at her work. I then went to the third room. The poor little thing had been much torn, and her legs were all inflamed; her legs and bottom too were pinched black and blue, and in short, she had had quite a good deal of it. So, after applying some remedies, I left her to rest."

As for Cherry, as she had played her part pretty well, I took her as a treat to see some of the performances, and we walked off to see what they were doing in n° 3. But I do not want to surfeit your eyeship, so will defer an account of what else I saw till the next letter.

### LETTER III.

In which some queer fellows and rummy prizes are shown up.

TO THE SAME.

Madam,

I resume my pen according to the promise I made your ladyship last week, and will now describe the first of the

Room III.

In an easy chair was seated a venerable looking gentleman, who appeared more like a man of



eighty than seventy four, which was his age.

Though so old, he yet took a dress, which was cut after the latest fashion. He wore a superb suit of sky-blue cloth, with gold lace, however, the material was of the most costly material.

rolled above the knee, the heels of his shoes a million, the

a large diamond on the ring finger of his hand. His laced hat, which he kept on his head, was also ornamented with a

wickedly cocked over his left eye, after the fashion affected by all the young bloods and gallants of the town. Add to this

the portrait of your ladyship who this morning as you must have received when I tell you that he was on the left breast and the cordon bleu.

The old gentleman was sitting with one leg crossed over the other, smoking a pipe, and holding a snuff box, and once he attentive

quite naked, played about the chamber, turned

and then threw by handful among

herself old, bye the bye, for she is but a little over eight, and one of the finest women on town). A console of marqueterie stood a massy silver vase with a bottle of hyacinths and glasses, and her duty was to replenish that of the old man.

Every now and then one of the little girls would come within his reach, when he would catch them

to them, kiss them, and let them go again. All this time on with but little varied a nearly half an

At length, the old boy turned to Chloe, and

• I think my dear, I begin to feel a slight sensation. Will you a-ah—that is—you know. •

He then looked at her, and did his

ago. It was sweet, and he

power to raise its head. Chloe therefore chafed it

mentally between his hands, and at length, bent up it stood

alone! • Huza! • cried the old fellow, tossing off a

pipe; • now my dear, lose no time, • said he,

agerly to Chloe, who had indeed pulled up her clothes in a trice. She straddled over him, and then the

children, laughing and pushing, seized hold of

Mr Peaslin • and popped him in.

All this time the old man sat perfectly still, leaving Chloe to do all the work, and she began to

move rapidly a la postillon. This lasted another half

hour.

• The sensation's passing off! • said the poor old

low. • Quick, a gonahuche, a gonahuche! •

the

next of the six sprang on to the arm of his chair, nimbly pivoting her right leg over his head,

foot down on the other arm, presenting a

Instant, her beautiful peach like little and a tiny rosy cunny, as fresh as a rose. man's tongue was in it in a moment.

again, all right! • cried Chloe, mincing

as she went on with her trotting.





that distinguished foreigner) proceeded to something more practical.

But his proceedings were dashed with a certain oddity, which little Cherry did not like.

And, first he undid the

and put in his hand, eye

them altogether,

knees,

But he never even glanced in front, but

and, and his devotions

on us, what a queer affair

above half the size of an ordinary one

it wanted in bulk it made up for in length

This concern he began to point

behind; but Lucy would not allow this

guided him right. The duke

at this.

Another shake of the head.

"Tree hundred!" he exclaimed eagerly, pulling

pocket book.

y waver

"Oh, ma mie!" cried he; "I will give you 10

more for yourself!"

Then, after counting out the notes, which

he soon caught her in

arms; My God! be careful! it's the first time, &

the artful minx. The duke having applied

spittle to her beautiful brown bum hole, easily got

in his long thin prick; Miss Lucy was soon reconciled to this mode and gave way to her delight, how nice! it's better than the other way, go on, and tickle my fanny at the same time. Suiting her actions to her words, she wriggled and plunged under his prick, oh! you do make me spend! oh! you've come, it's so nice and warm, and beats any thing I have ever read in the books, oh! oh! oh! on again! The duke exhausted with delight, cried,

• Quel bel plaisir, dis is what de serpent teach Adam

• Eve! dis is de forbidden fruit! ma belle Lucy!

• Oh — oh! whispered Cherry, I don't fancy that man at all; Let us come to n<sup>o</sup> 5, dear Mr. Kissagen.

# Room V.

On looking through the aperture, we beheld our pretty blonde, Clarissa Fairfield, entertaining the wealthy Indian Rajah, who you are aware is now on a visit to this country in consequence of some dispute with the East India Company respecting the boundary of his territory.

Rajah Run-un-fuckum (what long names these Indians have!) is a great fat man, of dark chestnut color, with little black eyes, and short mustachios. He wore a turban, a dross, entirely of gold tissue, shone in the waxlights, every movement he made

I have seen people dressed very similar to him, in the playacting booths at fairs. Squatting cross legged like a tailor, smoking a tremendous pipe,

I believe they call a hooky (but your ladyship understands, I dare say,) he had got Clarissa in

the funniest attitude imaginable; her heels rose on his shoulders; and she sat down on his two hands. His queer black pego, of considerable length, was just beginning to enter her cunny, when we arrived at our post.

The method was novel; when he wanted to give a home thrust, he dropped her upon his back, and would have a pull at his hooky, blow the cloud in her face, and handle her bobbies a bit, saving every time he did so,

"Rubbee bobbies, missee, dat makee de lubber."

Then he would lift her up again, and so on. As for Cherry and myself, we were ready to die with suppressed laughter.

It was a most, were the greatest, of efforts made by poor Clarissa to suppress the efforts of her swarthy admirer, and appeared to have made her strip entirely naked, shot at the very moment, saying

"Ladies in my cunt-arey noles wearree. R. n. not likee; Ferunghee dress not good. White dress too much nicee—much pretty got."

To add to the poor girl's mortification, he appeared as if he would never come to an end, for when I thought the finish was coming he stopped, and had a few puffs at his pipe. I am sure we must have watched them half an hour at least, and they were still hard at it when we left.

But it is time I concluded this billet, remaining  
Madam,

Your obliged, humble servant

PETER KISSVEN.

## LETTER IV.

In which our young Templar again appears on the scene

TO THE SAME.

MADAM,

In a former letter, I gave you some account of a visit we paid to Mr Randall, a young barrister, in the Temple.

I felt so grateful to him for the good thing he had put me into by introducing me to this house, that no sooner were we got all straight, than I wrote him a letter, thanking him anew for all his kindness and attention, and inviting him to sup with me on Sunday following.

That is a day on which we always close our place of business to customers. Not so much, you may readily believe, from religious motives as from desire to have one day in the seven to ourselves, at all events. Besides it affords an opportunity to get the house cleaned down, and things put a bit to rights, for I cannot bear nudde and nastiness in any place.

Well, I got a vastly pretty pink billet from the young Templar in reply, wherein, after paying me many compliments, which, however, I hope I have much good taste to put down here, went on to say that he would have much pleasure in accepting my invitation, and would be with me punctually at eight.

Chloe and I, therefore, set to work and put my private parlour in order. 'Tis a sweet pretty room at night, when the crimson silk curtains are drawn, the six pairs of wax candles in their silver sconces are lighted up, and a roaring fire burning in the grate.

On the sideboard shone a goodly show of massy plate, the gift principally of different patrons, to which I had added decanters and glasses of Bohemian and Venetian manufacture; and there was a good supply of wine, withal. So that nothing was wanting to make the young spark welcome.

Punctually at eight o'clock he arrived. Having rung the bell as a hint to Betsy, the cook, that we were ready for supper, I made him vastly welcome. But the sly rogue was not satisfied with shaking hands, but must needs kiss both Chloe and myself, and thrusting one hand in Chloe's neck and the other in mine, began handling our bobbies-an innocent piece of sport, to be sure, we were, but made no ill use of it. He then, coming in just then with the supper, caused him to forbear his pranks for the present, and we sat down to table.

A hare larded, brace of roast fowls with sorrel sauce, and numerous French kickshaws not worth naming, formed the supper, to which our guest did ample justice, washing it down with copious libations of claret. At length, when the table had been cleared, and the wine was over, he again expressed the pleasure he was in seeing us once more, and then went on to repeat to me of a sort of half promise I had made him in the Temple.

"Oh," said I, laughing, "I remember it very well; but surely, now you are in a house full of some of the finest young women in London, who I can assure you are entirely at your command, free of any charge, you will not prefer your quondam sweetheart whom you used to suck under the big tress of Sir Charles' park, down yonder in Herefordshire? Remember, I'm five or six years older than I was then, and in two or three years more shall be forty."

"Pooh! pooh!" cried my young spark, "what matters about your age, my dear Phoebe? To my mind you are more charming than ever, and I prefer you to all the laced mutton you may have in the house, damme!"

"Oh, be lie!" Mr Randall, said I, "you musn't talk that way, or you'll quite offend Chloe."

"Now, Venus forbid!" cried the amorous Tem. "I can assure you, my dear creature, I have a heart capacious enough to retain a remembrance of the beauties of both;" and he laid his hand on his embroidered waistcoat. "I'm not like that rascal Macheath, in the Beggars's Opera, who could only love one woman at a time, damme!" and he hummed the well known lines,

"How happy could I be with either,  
Were I other dear charmer away!  
But while you thus tease me together,  
To neither a word can I say."

"No, no! my precious creatures, my turtle doves; I can love you both at once; I've a strong back

We laughed heartily, your ladyship may be sure



at this sally, while he, to prove the truth of his assertions, let loose his great truncheon, and flung his arms round us both.

"Seniority ought to bear the palm," said the mad fellow, taking me by the hand with as much grace as if he were leading out a young lady to dance a minuet, and advancing to a convenient couch in the chamber; "but as idleness is the root of all evil, fair Chloe, do you come also; your little quim shall have my tongue, while charming Phoebe takes the sugar stick."

No sooner said than done. I being laid on my back, he mounted me en regle. Then Chloe, sitting on the head of the sofa, offered him her moss rose.

"Ah, ha!" cried Mr Randall, "this little cunny has become fledged since I last had the pleasure of seeing it in Herefordshire. Egad! I thought you a beautiful little girl then, but you are a much finer one now." Law, sir! laughed Chloe, "do you think so?"

"Oh, you little sly puss, you know very well," said the Templar. Then he took a good hold of my hips, and fucked me with a vigour that rejoiced my heart. Once more I felt all those delicious sensations which had been called forth years and years ago by poor Sir Charles. How I heaved and spent! bit and squeezed him! how I wept and twisted! Oh, my lady, it was a dream of bliss for me. I was in a delirium of joy. Dear man! how I hugged and loved him!

Nor was Chloe without her delight; he had skillful tongue, and used it nimbly, so that he soon set her spending and wriggling as much as myself.

At length, when all was over, and he had gal-

lantly handed me back to my seat near the fire, he just waited to swallow a bumper, and then making Chloe kneel up on the couch, he went slap at her like a young bull as he was, for his prick was still stiff as ever, notwithstanding the spurting shower of love's nectar, with which he had just refreshed my tulip.

"Oh, damme!" he cried, "what an arse you have, Chloe! what a white, smooth, dimpled, glorious full moon it is!"

Smack, smack, went his belly against those lobes at every thrust. "Ah! dear girl, how nice and tight your pretty hairy cunt is! Ur-r-r!" and he ground his teeth.

I could stand this scene no longer, so running up to him I began to play with his cod-piece, slapping and feeling him about, and covering his nakedness with hot kisses.

Such additional aggravation soon brought on his climax and giving six or seven rapid pushes, he dispatched Chloe with a tremendous thrust, which must have reached her very womb's mouth.

After this second performance, he seemed inclined to wait for awhile, so, to amuse him, I proposed that we should steal up the stairs and peep into all the girl's rooms, to see how they were passing the time.

The idea tickled him mightily; so, buttoning up his breeches, and with one arm around my waist, and the other round Chloe's, we first went to

#### Room VI.

This apartment was in the occupation of Edie Gordon, a native of the north of Scotland, and



" Vastly strange, said I.  
 " What ? " retorted Mr Randall.  
 " Why, that you should not admire her. "  
 " I did not say so. "  
 " Oh, what a tiresome, bantering man you are, " said I, giving him a sly pinch. " Tell me directly, do you not admire her very much ? "  
 " Oh, tol, lol ! "  
 " That means only a little I suppose ? "  
 " Madam, " said Mr Randall, and he looked me full in the face, " 'twas I who seduced her. "  
 " Whew ! the murder's out now, and I can understand it all, I suppose. "  
 " Be so good as never to mind what you suppose, my dear Phoebe, for once in a way, but observe how these innocent lambs are disporting themselves. Let me see, this is what the French call *tribade-tribadinu*, as we should say. One girl lies down, and opens her legs, another gets over her reversed, and then each exercises her salacious tongue upon the cunny of the other. Happy creatures ! what thrills ! what blisses ! what inventions of delight ! They enjoy it vastly, I dare say, but I suppose I'm not old enough to care for these extraordinary scenes. I'd rather have one good fuck with a fine woman, than all the peep holes in the world. Come, let us go. " I was vexed, you may be sure, at not seeing the finish between Lucy and Effie, for that would have been rather fine, both being such lecherous devils, but whispering to Chloe, " He seduced her ! " we followed him into the parlour.

Our young gallant began drinking the wine, glass after glass, very fast, and soon became exceedingly troublesome and noisy ; inasmuch that we were

very when at last he fell dead drunk under the table.

It was now eleven o'clock, so, calling old Betty to help us, we lifted my gentleman up and put him to bed, having too much regard for him to let him return to his chambers in such a state.

As Chloe and I were going up to bed, we had a mind to see how matters were going on in Effie's room ; we peeped in, but all was dark. She had evidently gone to bed.

Now Chloe and I slept together, and what with the fucking we had had in the early part of the evening and the scene we had witnessed between Effie and Lucy, the devil would have it that when we came to lay down in bed, we were both tormented with such an irresistible itching in a certain part, as rendered sleep altogether out of the question.

" What shall we do ? " said Chloe, " shall we frig, or shall we gamahuche ? "

" Oh, I'm for the gamahuche, " said I.

" With all my heart, " said Chloe.

Then she jumped out of bed and lighted two wax candles, and placed them on the commode, that we might see as well as feel each other's beauties ; and coming back to me, the dear girl stooped and gave me a full view of her large and beautiful bum, her cunny, and all etceteras, upon which I soon began to feed, while she, rolling her tongue first down one side of my slit and then down the other, then on the clitoris, then right inside, gave me joy inexpressible.

After exhausting ourselves with this game for nearly an hour, we at length put out the candles and fell asleep in each others arms.



Some evenings after, having nothing particular to do, I thought I would ~~write a few lines~~ ~~to the~~ ~~lady~~ ~~and~~ ~~now~~ sit down to conclude ~~my letter~~ ~~with a faithful~~ account of the scenes I witnessed, which I hope will edify your ladyship as much as they pleased me, li

#### ROOM VII.

I beheld a stout, fat man, of about sixty five years of age; and standing at a respectful distance I observed the owner of the room, Mary Crocket, a pretty lively girl of fifteen

Her person presented nothing remarkable. It was surely a plump compact, little well shaped enough considering her youth. But her beauty was just of that style seen every day.

I say she stood at a respectful distance, for this man, who by his dress was a parson, was armed with a most formidable cart whip, and ~~gave~~ ~~her~~ ~~a~~ ~~most~~ ~~severe~~ ~~and~~ ~~constant~~ ~~men~~ ~~dous~~ ~~lash~~ whenever she came within his reach.

But here I must digress a little, to acquaint your ladyship more particularly with this reverend gentleman.

I don't know much about such people myself, but one of my gentlemen gave me his history, and from it I gathered that his reverence was formerly what I called a port wine parson — a pluralist — holding three rich livings; very fond of hunting, very fond of a pretty wench, when he could get one, and very fond of the bottle; but growing old, and being afflicted with paralysis in his lower limbs, he turned devout, and, not satisfied with mortification in his own proper person, he hypocritically ~~thought~~ ~~that~~ ~~it~~ ~~behoved~~ ~~him~~ ~~to~~ ~~mortify~~ ~~the~~ ~~flesh~~ ~~of~~

women also, but as he could not indulge in this penchant without paying for it, the hoary old wretch ~~demanded~~ ~~me~~ ~~ten~~ ~~guineas~~ ~~every~~ ~~week~~ ~~for~~ ~~permission~~ ~~to~~ ~~whip~~ ~~my~~ ~~girls~~ ~~all~~ ~~round~~ ~~every~~ ~~Wednesday~~ ~~evening~~ (1).

As he could not stand on his legs, he had himself conveyed to Leicester Fields in a sedan chair. He was then lifted on a chair hung on castors, and so wheeled from room to room. He had already visited six of them, and was now arrived at the seventh.

What was very remarkable — or, rather, what was not at all so — he would have every girl stripped of her ~~cauls~~ ~~her~~ ~~hoods~~ ~~her~~ ~~wimples~~ ~~her~~ ~~round~~ ~~tires~~ ~~like~~ ~~the~~ ~~moon~~ ~~her~~ ~~rings~~ ~~her~~ ~~jewels~~ ~~and~~ ~~other~~ ~~vanities~~ as he called them — that is to say, they were to be quite naked, with hair flowing down their backs.

Now you harlot, he was saying when I peeped in ~~to~~ ~~see~~ ~~you~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~last~~ ~~glass~~ ~~of~~ ~~what~~ I have twice asked you for: —

“Yes, an’ it please ye, sir, if you’ll promise not to hit me.”

“Well, then, woman of perdition, I will not hit thee if thou’rt quick.” The girl made as much haste as possible, and advanced timidly. He waited till she had placed the glass on the table, and as she returned he gave three ~~strokes~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~whip~~ ~~to~~ ~~wrap~~ ~~it~~ ~~round~~ ~~her~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~next~~ ~~moment~~ ~~striking~~ ~~her~~ ~~delicate~~ ~~thighs~~ ~~fetching~~ ~~her~~ ~~up~~ ~~as~~ ~~well~~ ~~in~~ ~~an~~ ~~instant~~.

“O, sir!” cried the girl, blubbing; “you ~~say~~ ~~you~~ ~~would~~ ~~not~~ ~~do~~ ~~it~~!”

“ I said I would not smite you, but if you were quick; but, inasmuch as you were slow, I smite thee. Very good it is for you to be chastised. Behold, I act to you as the Lord acteth, for we read that he chasteneth those whom he loveth. Amen! ”

The girl made no reply, but pouting out her lips, seemed annoyed, and no wonder.

“ Come hither, child, ” cried the wretch, trying to move his chair towards her, and shaking his whip with it. “ Ugh, ugh, I should like to get at thee now. I’d soon flog that dainty skin of yours. I would, ye young hussy! You ought to be ashamed of yourselves. If any girl has you, to give yourself up to fornication and all uncleanness! Ugh—ugh! ”

Here he was seized with a fit of coughing which lasted some time, at length, wanting to spit, he told her to bring the chamber pot.

The girl supposing his cough had exhausted him, obeyed at once; but she had returned without her basket as the wretch, for the old man, seizing her by the arm, could not let her enter her posterns without the end of the whip, till she was quite black and blue.

The girl screamed lustily, and at length, losing all patience, snatched the whip out of his hand, and gave him such a smart upon the back that the wretch roared with pain.

“ Thine old Mary, my daughter, ” that will teach you, you nasty old canting hypocritical son of a bitch, to treat poor girls in this way, you scoundrel, psalm singing old bugger. You must be a sad brute, or you would not hit women as you do, you damned old wretch! ”

The old fellow was furious, and foamed at the mouth.

“ Very well, my girl, very well, ” said he; “ wait till I tell your mistress, that’s all, and I’ll have you turned into the street. I will see if a person of my dignity is to be treated in this way! ” and he forced his shovel hat over his eyes, fiercely.

At the sound of those dreadful words, at the reflection of what a fate she would have had if she were turned into the streets now the winter had fairly set in, the rage of poor Mary evaporated, and bursting into tears, she humbly implored him not to be so cruel.

“ Well then, ” said he, rubbing his pate, on which he felt a great bump as big as a walnut, “ kneel down before me on all fours, and let me lash you well, and then I will pardon the offence. ”

The wretched girl saw she must obey. Then he lashed her till quite out of breath, cutting her between the legs and over the bosom in a barbarous manner.

“ I could bear this sight no longer, so stepping into the room, I snatched the whip out of his hand, and calling him all the old villains in the world, bundled him out of the house.

“ I never saw the old rascal again, for he died soon after; but as he had the Sacrament administered to him, and went off in the odour of sanctity, he is doubtless now a saint in heaven! ”

It was quite refreshing, after witnessing this scene, to turn to that in

## Room VIII

Yet here a dashing young captain of the Guards,

in his unbrothered red coat, was very jolly over a bottle of wine with the lovely Selma, a handsome woman of twenty five.

I continued watching my young son of Mars for about twenty minutes, during which he accomplished two hearty fucks, and then I adjourned to the next.

#### Room IX.

Here they were at high rumps. A gentleman, who was perfectly undressed by his dress, for he had pulled his clothes, was standing in the middle of the room, and laughing, running, jumping round him, using all sorts of liberties, were some seven or eight little girls, all undressed, whose ages ranged from seven to twelve.

Now, then, one more bold than the rest, who advanced and tug at his great stiff cock, and then off with a little scream. Then he would push her, upsetting chairs, tables, and all that came in his way, while some of the children would stand on, others would tumble on them, and then a group lay in a heap, all hissing and giggling, little fat bums, thighs, cunnies, all were jumbled up together.

Blind as a bat, she could not see the old man, but she was not so stupid as to be deceived. She was a little girl, for she was only twelve years old, and she was not so stupid as to be deceived. She was a little girl, for she was only twelve years old, and she was not so stupid as to be deceived.

When caught, she made great efforts to get out, but finding she could not, she remained a lamb.

This girl was a new comer, and was about twelve years of age. No hair yet graced her peering slit, and her tiny breasts were only just beginning to show themselves. The gentleman pulled off the top of her head, and secured it with his cap. He caught her up in his arms, and after kissing her in part of her, laid her on the bed, and began to explore her maidenhead.

Untouched, by Jove! cried he, and then commenced to gamahuche her, the other girls surrounding him, and gamahuching him and manipulating.

This over, his eyes were again lanced, and the game resumed.

In this manner he got a gamahuche three times in half an hour, the last girl he caught was probably of seven years. It was too bad, I know, but these things must be submitted to, for we will have a Rango to pay. These things are not to be taken too seriously, these sort of customers pay well, and I have received more than five hundred guineas for five of the best. Twenty five guineas for one, and a hundred guineas for a whole lot, though not equal to the best from Monsieur le Duc. Now went to

#### Room X.

As was a barest stake of all, for the person who had the first quality of the first quality, if the virgin had secured the satisfaction, that he would present me with a hundred guineas. She was a simple country girl, who had arrived only the day before from the depths of Hampshire, and I took particular



over that none of the girls should get speech of her tale for the Duke's visit.

He was caressing very gently with her when I peeped into the room, and, finding her in a very awful manner. As yet he had got no further than her waist, and when he had taken the handkerchief out of her pocket, and was kissing the fair white cheeks, which exactly resembled those of the fairies, still soft and up to the eyes, as if it were a glass. But the girl of such deeply and completely soiled cheeks, and countess, doantee. My missus 'all corn' 'therwhile, and other rustic expressions. But the Duke coaxed her, put her on his leg, made her have a glass of wine, and at last, spite of her struggles, pulled up her clothes, and between her legs. Then he let out his magic wand, and put it in her hand. She started as if a viper had bit her, but he persevered. He told her that he was resolved to have her that night; that it was no use her crying out, as no one would come, and would up by saying, that if she would let him have his will of her, he would make her a great lady, put her in a grand house with lots of the clothes, etc. The usual tale, you know, my lady. And so, at length, without any noise, but merely by the force of eloquence and patience, he got her on to the bed.

Then, by degrees, he removed her clothes, she defending herself however pretty stoutly, but with little success, for in five minutes he had reduced her to her skin, that is, stripped off her gown, and beheld her quite naked. She was a beautiful girl, with a most lovely, justly shaped, and quite without any spot or blemish. After he had kissed and

caressed her beauties for some time, he pressed upon her another glass of wine, and holding it with her, drank off a bumper himself. This second glass of wine got a little into her head, and wore off a trifle of her modesty, so that when he urged her to kneel on the foot of the bed, she made but a faint resistance. Then the Duke produced a bag, and showered it on the bed fifteen or twenty new golden guineas.

“Oh my! cried the girl.

“All for you, my dear,” said he. “All for you, you’ll only let me have you.”

The country girl cast a greedy look at the money, and then placed over her shoulder at the tempter, and seeing such a sleek, smiling, embroidered gentleman, and not the devil, as she almost fancied she should be, yielded a silent assent by sweeping up the gold with her hands.

In doing this, she bent a little more forwards, and thus unconsciously offered to his grace and myself an enchanting view of her most hidden charms.

Imagine, my dear madam, a superb back and shoulders of the most ivory whiteness, terminating in a singularly small waist, then making a dash out from thence of a noble pair of hips, and the plumpest, whitest, and finest shaped posteriors in the world, delicately relieved by two deep dimples. These ravishing limbs, owing to her position, were slightly opened, displaying all the delicious attractions of the enchanting valley between them. A pair of plump tight and racy lips, closely compressed together, was all she had to show in the shape of a clanny, if I except a soft down

It shaded the upper moun. At some distance behind this delicious little mouth of Venus, I beheld the other tiny aperture, pursed up in voluptuous rosy wrinkles, highly suggestive of great contractive power, should the duke's snuffy run so far back into her valley of delight.

At present however, all he seemed to think of was his virginity, so opening the box of his ram, he carefully anointed his nose, and also her lovely cleft. And then catching her by the hips, he charged in good style, but the dam was too tight to admit the battering ram at the first, or even the second push. Besides, the girl began to get frightened, and to struggle. But the duke's blood was up, and he would not now be trifled with. At length he got in about an inch, but there he stuck, so straight was the dam. But perceiving his advantage, and steadily pressing on her spite of her cries and struggles, with a few more vigorous pushes, he ravished away the last vestige of her maidenhead; at the same time discharging into her a shower of love's dew which, on his drawing out, spurted all over the sheets, mixed with virgin blood.

At the sight of the blood, his grace showed the greatest satisfaction. But while rejoicing over his triumph, the girl had fainted with the pain, and lay forward on her belly, perfectly powerless.

The duke therefore seized the opportunity of exploring, and made an accurate examination of the havoc he had caused in her little cunny, he found one of the waxen dishes used by the doctor to see the effects. This might pretty soon bring his grace up to the mark again, and at it he went, like

a bull. The same pain which had caused her to faint now roused her up again, and she began to bemoan her fate most bitterly.

But his grace having had his will, had no mind to console the blubbing wench any more; but he gave her a tremendous slap on the arse, and told her to hold her infernal noise, and mind her business, pushing away at her with all his might.

The girl was struck dumb with astonishment at this harshness, and could not utter a word, but only whimpered and sobbed the more.

"Oh, very well," cried the duke, "if you will blubber, I will give you something to cry for," and withdrawing his great, red, stiff, steaming cock, he drove at the other opening; and before the girl could prevent him, she had lost a second maid's head, which she never bargained for, and which made her roar out a murder with all her might.

By and bye his grace came to a finish, and being now quite satiated, he damned her for a slut for making such a noise, and taking up his sword and hat, departed.

I met him on the stairs.

"I hope the girl gave your grace satisfaction," said I.

"Why yes, damme!" answered he, "she was a true virgin, no doubt, and here's the money I promised you."

He paused and then continued,

"But I should have enjoyed her a damned deal better if she had not blubbered the while, to disgrace the finest face, and besides they are not so easily lulled. I had her over to a Melon or two, and away, my dear Phoebe. After they have

'tipped her the lion' once or twice, or made her 'veat', she will be more tractable. Yes, let her have a Mohawk (1).

And so saying, his grace sto[red] and was driven off. And now, my dear madam, having given your good ladyship a sample of my ten rooms, and our proceedings here, I propose to send you some curious selections from the 'correspondence branch' of our business.

The copies of these letters will give you a much better idea of the various leches of men than any other, and will also prove to your ladyship that the men are lewd, the women are sometimes

## THE BAGNIO CORRESPONDENCE

FROM AUGUSTUS JAMES ESQ.

MADAM,

I shall be in town on Thursday, and propose to pass the evening at your house. Be pleased to have a supper and a girl ready for me at eight of the clock. I am not big hung. A girl with a nice clear

(1) The Mohawks were a club of wild rakes, who performed see Speculator, vol. V, No 347, in which a very amusing account is given of the proceedings of this fraternity.

skin, pretty plump, and not much hair on the waist.

But though young, she must understand work, for I hate a slug. I don't mind ten or twenty guineas for the night.

Yours, as you please me,

A. JAMES.

Pertham, Nov. 28<sup>th</sup> O. S.

FROM SIR FELIX FUCKINGTON, BART.

M<sup>rs</sup> PRIZE,

This billet is to let you know that I shall visit your Bagnio tomorrow evening at nine. I shall have one fine woman about twenty to fuck, and two or three little girls to play with, and I'll have them all well washed, and their hair dressed by a good coiffeur.

For the women, I think I shall prefer French. I don't, she's such a spanker.

F. FUCKINGTON.

November 30<sup>th</sup>, N. S.

FROM THE EARL OF CADLAND.

MADAM,

I have the pleasure to provide you a handsome letter, but I am sorry to find that you are not yet a member of the Bagnio.



I do not require a maid, but something fresh and agreeable.

Your obedient, humble servant,

CADLAND.

Newmarket, Monday Evening.

FROM THE EARL OF BOSTON.

The Earl of Boston presents his compliments to Mrs Phoebe Kissagen, and will feel obliged by her providing an entertainment for him on Monday night, with a handsome supper. The Earl begs to remind Mrs Kissagen that he does not fancy very hairy or very big women; two or three witty, nice looking girls, who understand the gamahuche, and can sing good songs, will be quite satisfactory.

The expense is of no consequence.

To Mrs Phoebe Kissagen,

2, Leicester Fields.

Boston House, Dec<sup>r</sup> 14<sup>th</sup>.

FROM SIR HARCOURT WARING, BART.

MADAM,

Find me a nice little girl, about twelve years old, by Tuesday evening. She must be very fair, and well made; slender, but plump; one whose breast have grown a little would be preferred. She must

be up to the mark, and not too shy. The usual cheque will be ready.

I am, Madam,

Your obedient, humble servant

H. WARING.

Foxcover Hall, Dec<sup>r</sup> 16<sup>th</sup>.

FROM MONSEIGNEUR LE DUC DE BELLAIRE.

MADAM,

S'il vous plait, I will pay you another visit on Tuesday night, veni Loje to find Mademoiselle Lucy disengaged. Mais madame, tree hundred guineas is too much to pay every time, so please to name your price.

Accept, Madam, my most perfect consideration,

LE DUC DE BELLAIRE.

A Madam,

Madam Phoebe de Kissagen.

Dec<sup>r</sup> 20<sup>th</sup>.

FROM HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE  
OF YORK.

Have my room and girl ready on Wednesday.  
YORK.

FROM D<sup>r</sup> MOONEY.

MY DEAR PHEBE,

I have several little physiological experiments to make, and shall require for the purpose, one full

grown girl and two or three little ones. After I have finished, I shall have much pleasure in supping with you and the pretty Chloe. Tomorrow evening at ten.

Yours entirely,  
F. MOONEY.

Brook St, Thursday Evening.

FROM ADMIRAL LORD SODDINGTON.

Old Girl,

I've just come off a cruise, and am hard up for a fuck, so let that great randy wench Effie know I'm going to bear down upon her, and give her a broadside.

You know I like to see a tight frigate well dressed out in hunting; so run up her colours, and rig out her topgallants, get a good supper aboard, and bear hand you lubber.

Your old tar,  
SODDINGTON.

11 M. S. Soap-trigon,  
Spithead, Decr 17th.

FROM LORD HOMERTON.

Being vastly ennui here, I have resolved to come up to town for a few days till Christmas, and shall like to amuse myself with two or three of your

But they must be fresh, and not too forward; I hate an impudent wench. Be good enough to see that their smocks and persons are clean. You can

bring them to my house in Cavendish Square tomorrow evening. I shall be very glad to see you. You know my taste, so I need not say more.

Yours faithfully,  
HOMERTON.

Crocket Hall, Decr 19th.

FROM THE LADY EMILIA STANLEY.

My Dear Mr Kissagen,

Mr Kissagen has not been able to perform conjugal duty to night; so if you have among your friends a fine lusty young fellow who can do the business, put me in the way of enjoying his pleasure, for I am parched with thirst.

Pray write by return of post.

Your loving friend,  
EMILIA STANLEY.

11 Bedford St. Mayfair

FROM LADY POKINGHAM.

MADAM,

Have the room ready on Tuesday, and the gentleman I spoke to you about will meet me there at twelve, after the opera.

Your obedient, humble servant,  
H. POKINGHAM.

11 Bedford St. Mayfair

From His Highness Rajah-un-Rum fucham Jun-  
jan Bhalatir.

If the pretty Bheebe Sahib who to me did give  
too much pleasure I pass night, and do do more  
fucking business at your tubs be at home, I call to-  
morrow come and *seen* hear, mam; so hab all de tings  
reedee.

I too much plenty mooney bringee.

FROM M<sup>r</sup> HEZEKIAH BIRCHEM.

DEAR PHOEBE,

The spirit moveth me to go into one of thy hand-  
maidens, and yet, I think I should prefer thy friend  
Chloe, if thou wilt first stir up my evil passions  
with thy witch rod. Have thy cold cream ready  
and anoint the dear harlot's delightful arsehole be-  
fore we commence, as thou knowest the devil al-  
ways tempts me that way.

Thou must also provide thyself with a dildo,  
not too large and well greased, so thou canst sodo-  
mise me; as I do Chloe, do thou unto me. Please  
my evil concupiscence and any money thou thinkest  
fit shall be paid.

From thy friend,

H. BIRCHEM.

Threadneedle St, City  
22 of 12 month.

Now I think, my lady, I have given you a pretty  
fair sample, and as this has been a most outrage-

ously long letter, I will now make an end by remain-  
ing, as in duty bound,

My Lady,

Your ladyship's most obedient  
Humble servant to command,

PHOEBE KISSAGEN.

Leicester Fields, Feby 13<sup>th</sup>.

## LETTER V.

In which a curious narrative is given of the  
adventures of a *Lusus Naturæ*, a species of gay  
Lothario very welcome to the ladies

FROM LADY LESBIA GOWER TO PHOEBE.

I am truly rejoiced, my dear Phoebe, to find that  
you are settled so much to your satisfaction, and  
shall soon pay you a visit. In the meantime I must  
relate to you a most amusing adventure I have  
had.

I was lately on a visit to that dear cousin of mine,  
the pious Countess of Boston, who, I will tell you,  
is quite a saint in her way, and idolized by all the  
starched evangelical party.

No one is more prompt with their subscriptions to  
missionary societies, or more frequently seen at  
church than my Lady Boston. She is a patroness  
of half a dozen associations for the administration of



[illegible][illegible][illegible]

I am sure that all students will be  
 happy to see the first of these or twelve and  
 the rest of the class as the you have a

[illegible]

It was a privilege to see how the bulls and cows looked at the vessel that provided them with food, with which they sang to, by me, and exchanged the devotion of him, Lady D., at home, by the way, they seemed to stand in awe, before him.

resolved to watch them narrowly, and if possible, to catch alone when they thought no one was in the way. A few days afterwards this did in fact occur.

At the first, Lady B. attracted my attention  
 of going down to Bath town, by a carriage three  
 miles in. By a day, and she said, if I  
 would not, I might hear, and I turned out  
 that, was I, to go in my way, some  
 people, or way, were all, I declared, to have an  
 extra, to ride, I promised a ride on Sir William  
 and Lady Netley, at Bath.

"Well then, my dear," said my cousin, "we shall have the penny-chase, for my coach is under repair."

But, I said, how will you get to Hazeltown then?

"Oh," she replied, "Mr Cantwell is to call for me and carry me there in her car, so do not be uneasy on my account. I shall not be the least disturbed by it, for Mrs Cantwell does not like to drive."

The crumple suit suited me exactly. Soon after  
they showed me the first of the crumple.

When it was time to go I thought I would go and see if the children were beat, and I bag a couple of them in the pocket I suppose, and I thought myself as well as I could almost the

shrubs and trees, approached at length within earshot. They were seated hand in hand beneath the wide spreading branches of a noble beech tree. I listened.

"My darling Julia," the boy was saying, "what a lucky chance is this. We shall have all the morning to amuse ourselves. Aunty (they always called my cousin aunts) going to Hazeletown, and Lady Gower to see those odious old Nettleses."

"Capital!" cried Julia, and then throwing her arms round his neck, "Oh, you sweetest, sweetest boy, how happy we shall be!"

"But," said the boy, thoughtfully, "where shall we pass our morning? Not here, of course. We can be seen from all the windows."

"And not indoors either, with the chance of being discovered by the servants," added Julia.

"No," said the boy, "I'll tell you where it shall be. You know that large old hollow oak in the glen at the southern end of the park, where the under-wood is so entangled, and where nobody ever goes since the earl died. I don't know why, but so it is, and there we can enjoy ourselves in private," and he gave the little girl a loving kiss.

I had learnt all I wanted to know, and hastened back to the house. The children seeing me get into the chaise, ran up.

"Good bye for the present, my dears," said I, "do not get into mischief. I shall be back to dinner, fast!" and I shook my hand; the mettlesome ponies dashed rapidly down the avenue, and the children, after watching the chaise till a waggon in the drive hid it from their view, turned to the house. I still watched the entrance through the trees, but

soon lost sight of it, and in another minute had passed the park gates. I drove myself, and had not taken the groom with me, so that once out of the demesne, I went direct for the point where I knew they would soon arrive.

The country all round the park was very wild and well wooded, so that I had no difficulty in finding a coppice wherein to conceal the pony chaise. I turned off the road, and making the reins fast to the branch of an oak, left the animals to graze, while I examined the park palings for an opening through which I could squeeze myself. At length I came to a spot where two or three of the planks had been torn down, and entering through the aperture, had just time to conceal myself in a thick bush, when my young lovers appeared. With their arms round each other's waists, they approached the old oak, and entering the hollow bark, seated themselves side by side on the mossy turf, with which this natural chamber was carpeted.

"This is bliss indeed!" cried the boy, as with one hand up Julia's clothes, he kissed her eyes, her mouth, and her neck. "Oh, happy hour!" Then he unfastened his breeches, and behold, out sprang, not the funny little thing I expected to see, but a full grown, stiff, and erect prick of noble proportions.

This little fellow, this child of twelve, with his innocent girlish face, had all the essential attributes of the most stalwart manhood!

No sooner did Julia see this noble staff than she jumped up, and caressing it with rapture, she at length took it between her rosy lips. While he, excited to the highest pitch of ecstasy, tossed up

that he could have had view of all her charms, gamahued her like

I never saw in all my life but once, and could not but be struck by her beauty. Her eyes were like honey-cups! And then his thighs, how healthy and youth; how glowing and other delectable!

No snow was to be seen the valley between those globes of snow! Nor was there a vestige of it on his mons in front. With the exception of the extraordinary development of his prick, he bore in every part of him the delicate softness of a child.

Strange freak of nature to grant him so perfect a body!

Nothing could be more sublime than their first meeting; now fast and furious, now slow and languid, his sighs welled up from the heart's depths, and tears of joy gushed from the fringed lids of those beautiful eyes, while amorous pinches, touches, and kisses, and a joy of a new kind, were his lot. As for me, I must candidly confess that, wrought up to a high pitch of excitement, I could not find a single place, and endeavoured to allay my desires as best I could. At length, amidst a thousand expressions of rapture, fondness, and affection, he died away in bliss.

But he never drew out; in five minutes the whole scene was enacted over again, and this time for rather longer. At length, when it was over, the young creatures sat down side by side, and each others necks. Then it was that I made another discovery, which filled me with astonishment as the first.

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which when erect was of such extraordinarily fine proportions, in its quiescent state shrank up into the ordinary size of any other little boys cock. Nor was there any wrinkling of the skin. It was a neat, compact little creature, with the foreskin well drawn over its snout. So that unless excited, no person, not even my experienced cousin Lady B. who, as you know, has had her gay days, could possibly imagine or believe of what that innocent little of it was capable.

While I was pondering all these things in my mind, the saucy little took it in her hand, and lo! presto! out it shot like a snake from its shell, or rather, to give you a noble simile, like a roaring lion from his lair; and, like *Lady Lovell's* lion, it grew, and it grew, till it could grow no higher. Bang! and up it jumped against his smooth white belly, and lo! the little man was again ready for action.

He perfectly understood his business, the sly rogue for making her kneel up, he now had her on levrette, spinning out his pleasure, ever and anon stopping for awhile, then going on again.

He was so long, indeed, that I looked at my watch, and seeing it was near turned of twelve o'clock, I crept from my hiding place, and regaining the paragon, I turned it into the road, and I mulling the whip with vigor, in twenty minutes I found myself at the Nettletop's mansion.

Most luckily, they were gone out, so leaving a cull, I drove off at speed until within a mile of Roundwood Park, when I slowed the ponies to breathe and approached the gates at a leisurely pace.

As I drove up the avenue, I gazed up at the house with curious eyes, wondering if my young culprits would come out to meet me.

"Oh, there they are, I declare," I exclaimed, as I saw them advance under the portico with the most perfect sang froid in the world, looking as innocent and lovely as two angels.

Sweet creatures! dear intriguing lambs! who would not have admired such duplicity? I must confess they rose immeasurably in my estimation.

"I must enjoy that boy; I must have that girl to camahuche me!" I murmured to myself, as I drove over the last hundred yards of gravel. And you know, Phebe, that when I make a resolution, I never fail to keep it. The ponies were covered with sweat, and John, who held their heads while I alighted, looked rather glum at the work I had made for him.

"Your ponies do not have enough exercise," John, said I, "see what a foam they are in with a short drive. Give them more work, man!"

"Well, my lady," said John, ruefully, "they are mucked about a bit, that's sartin; but ladies be so mighty heavy with the whip."

"Well, well, John, never mind," said I, laughing; "here, take this crown and drive my health."

The crown smoothed down the ruffled bristles of honest John, and jumping into the chaise, he drove off to the stables.

Now it chanced that the bed room I occupied was next to that in which reposed the beauteous Julia — the fireplace of my apartment backing the fireplace of hers. The architect of the house being,

good worthy man, of an honest heart, arrived in the double recess — that is to say the recess on the left hand side, formed by the place and the counterpart of the — bath room, and so to which was only a door into a chamber, and a corresponding door in her's with bolts inside.

Thus, this one bath room could be used by the tenant of either room, only if both chambers had occupants, it was necessary that they should either bathe together, or agree to take their turns. This bath room was lighted by a window placed rather high up.

Having made up my mind how to act, and of course never breathing a word to Lady B. on her return home of what I had seen, I was on the watch early the next morning. Listen! for the splashing which announced that little Julia was performing her ablutions. At seven of the clock I heard the water run in on her side quietly, and soon the splashing began. I crept out of bed, and stealing to the opposite door, tried to open it. The little puss had made all fast.

"Undo the bolt, Julia, my love," said I, in a subdued voice; "I am going out early this morning and cannot wait to take my bath at the usual hour, so let me come and share it with you."

"Y-e-yes, my lady! I — I will open the door directly," ejaculated Julia from within, and apparently much alarmed. I waited and listened. The window, on the right, was opened, then I tried a second time to force the door open on the left, and at length it threw away its resistance. I was not a time to see Master Peter descend after his perilous descent. The bolt began to

move, and I sprang back to the bath room door. It opened, and I felt it before me, her middle was pressed round with her chemise.

"I didn't like to come till I had put something round me," said the innocent, "thusing yourself. You know, my dear Lady Gower, I have not known you long, and I felt ashamed that you should see me quite naked."

"Silly child!" I exclaimed, laughing; "what is there so terrible in me, one of your own sex, that you should feel ashamed?"

She hung down her head.

"Look," said I, "I am not ashamed," and I drew my night gown over my head. As I did so I became aware that she regarded with astonishment the curly ornament which sprouted on my moss veneris. She did not take her eyes off it.

"Ah, ha! I see you are surprised at these curls," said I, playfully patting her cheek, "when you are a woman, you will have the same ornament, my dear."

"You don't say so, my lady?"

"Oh, but it is true."

"How very odd!"

"Not at all; 'tis you who are odd to doubt it."

"Really!"

"It is a fact."

By this time I had laid myself down in the water, and with gentle force had pulled off the chemise of the little girl. After caressing her for some time, I said.

"Do you know, my love, you are a very beautiful little creature? Ah! you will make the men's hearts ache some day."

She opened wide her beautiful eyes, and looked at me with a most delicious expression of surprise and wonder — as if she could not possibly understand what I meant.

“Come, come, Julia,” I exclaimed, as having got out of the bath we were rubbing each other down with the towels, “do not think to deceive me, you know what love is very well; all the more looks you put on, and young —”

“My dear,” she interrupted, “I am as pale as death.”

“You are deeply in love with that —,” I yelled.

“Madam!”

“Oh, I know all about it, now tell me if I go wrong, but listen; yesterday you passed upwards of two hours with him in the hollow oak. He embraced you as ardent lovers only know how, three times. He is a precocious boy, and has all the attributes of manhood. Am I correct, my dear? is this not all true?”

Julia, pale as a statue, eyed me from head to foot with an expression of the utmost terror.

“Moreover,” I went on, “your lover has been with you this morning, perhaps was with you last night, and escaped by the window when I tried the bath room door; is it not so?”

The poor child sank on her knees.

“Is not all this true?” I repeated.

“Ah! yes, yes; it is true, dear Lady Gower, how you could find it out I cannot tell; but oh, you will not be so cruel as to tell my lady!”

“Nonsense, my dear child,” I cried, “do not suppose I am such a fool as to do that; then, as I know your secret, you must do so to oblige me.”

“Anything, dear Lady Gower, everything that is in my power I will do; you have only to command.”

“First of all, then, my little pet, come and give me a kiss.” She sprang into my arms, naked as we were, and we sat down on the bed.

“Ah! my dear Julia, I cannot express to you how delighted I was with the oak scene. Your lover is indeed a fine fellow. Heigh ho! I wish I had such a one.”

“You, my lady?”

“Yes, I myself.”

“Do persons of quality then indulge in intrigues?”

“Indeed they do, my dear; and are as fond of the thing as other people.”

“Really! I had no idea of it.”

“To prove to you that they are, I will show you how women play together.”

I had all this time been playing with her two pointed breasts, and smoothing her polished limbs and bottom. I now slipped my finger into her pouting cunny, and putting her hand upon my brush, I thrust my tongue into her mouth, and entwined my limbs around her girlish figure. She looked very much surprised, but seemed intuitively to fall into my wishes; first she began to comb the dark hair on my mons veneris with her fingers, then her hand slid further down, she grasped and squeezed the hips, then, after exploring all round, she finished by thrusting up her finger, and friggung me in good earnest. Meanwhile, I was also manipulating her, and with such success, that she soon began to — Then I threw myself back on the bed, and she straddled over me in a reverse position, I



gamahuched her with fury, while she performed the same delicious office for me. After we had thus kissed, fri- ed, gamahuched, and played for near an hour, we proceeded to dress ourselves.

"Now, my dear mild," said I, "and you are to look upon me as a friend and ally. Only there is one condition I must stipulate for—you must share Evelyn with me. But you need not say anything to him at present, I wish to have him in my own way."

Poor little Julia did not appear to relish this part of the stipulation very much. She saw before her a beautiful woman in the prime of life, and doubt well skilled in the art of pleasing, and her poor little heart fluttered lest I should alienate her lover from her less ripe charms. I had, however, no intention of doing this.

The next day I took little Evelyn out for a walk with me. Whenever we came to a stile, I took care to let him have a good peep at my legs, while appearing most careful to conceal them. I saw his eyes flash each time he caught a glimpse, and something in his breeches bulged out enormously.

Having reached a very retired, lonely, rustic dell and seated myself on the grass, "Oh, dear, how hot I am!" said I, fanning myself, and pretending to put down my clothes, but in reality so arranging them as I drew up my knees, that the boy could see my thighs and all I had good between them.

"Why, Evey dear, how silly of you to stuff such great apples into your breeches pockets (and I put my hand on the place); you will spoil the set of them."

Evelyn blushed up to his eyes.

"Come, give me one of your apples, or pears, or whatever they are, for I am thirsty," and before he could prevent me, I thrust my hand into his pocket. "Oh, dear," said I, "it is empty; let me feel the other side."

But Evelyn declared he had nothing in the other pocket either, and that, as for the bunch, it was nothing but his shirt, which had got twisted up.

Nay, said I, laughing, "if that is all I'll soon make it comfortable for you."

At length, "By Jove," he could prevent me, I had hold of his essentials in an instant.

"All rucked up, isn't it, dear?" said I, frigging and feeling his noble prick, and casting upon him the most delicious glances, full of desire.

"You sh-ll be for me you! Why, you are quite a man, I declare."

The boy looked shy and awkward, and blushing terribly, said never a word.

"Oh, you darling boy, I must have you, that I must!" I exclaimed, covering him with kisses, which he quietly returned, then opening wide my thighs, I drew him towards me. His noble steed entered the portal, and joy unutterable took possession of my frame. I threw first one leg, then the other, across his loins. I smacked his delicious bottom, I tickled and frigged it, I licked his face, and put my tongue in his mouth; I played with his balls, I hugged him, I bounded, I was mad with delight.

As for the boy, he made much the same demonstration. My experienced sucking was something new to him. He declared I drew his cock out of its scabbard.



John, will lie on the bed, while you, Evelyn, will  
suck her in that room. I shall sit down in this  
arm chair, to see the performance."

## SCENE 11.

Julia will kneel upon all fours on the bed, I shall kneel behind her and friction her with my elbows, while Mary kneels behind and facks me.

## SCENE III.

After sponging ourselves, we shall commence the  
can him him in his arms. I will extend myself  
on the left, Evelyn will straddle over me, presenting  
his posterior charms, and you, Julia, will also get  
over me a little lower down and gamahuche me,  
while Evelyn does the same for you.

SCENE IV.

We will all get into bed together, and I frig, toy and play till we are sleepy when you will both say good night, and retire to your rooms.

This picture program did, we at once examined. It was extended on the back, showing a lady lying, displaying to the stage all her front beauties. As you might say, I was not her in a time, while I, seated in the show box, with a motion picture camera in the end surveyed these beauties.

I had the most distinct view of all the most secret  
business of the lovely boy, and watched with  
delight his great wavy, red-headed tail now draw  
nearly out of little Julia's rosy, bud-like crotch,  
now thrust home again. At every thrust, those  
white globes of his tangle with their own rosy,

took plumpness, and his noble hall, struck her  
 pretty little ~~heart~~ <sup>heart</sup> with a cold shiver at every  
 flash, her eyes, ~~then~~ <sup>then</sup> ~~passed~~ <sup>passed</sup> ~~back~~ <sup>back</sup> ~~on~~ <sup>on</sup> ~~him~~ <sup>him</sup> ~~now~~ <sup>now</sup> ~~she~~ <sup>she</sup>  
 gazed over his ~~head~~ <sup>head</sup> ~~kept~~ <sup>kept</sup> ~~her~~ <sup>her</sup> ~~eyes~~ <sup>eyes</sup> ~~fixed~~ <sup>fixed</sup> ~~on~~ <sup>on</sup> ~~him~~ <sup>him</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~every~~ <sup>every</sup>  
 feature, while ~~her~~ <sup>her</sup> ~~eyes~~ <sup>eyes</sup> ~~looked~~ <sup>looked</sup> ~~on~~ <sup>on</sup> ~~him~~ <sup>him</sup> ~~with~~ <sup>with</sup> ~~admiration~~ <sup>admiration</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~every~~ <sup>every</sup> ~~imaginable~~ <sup>imaginable</sup> ~~admiration~~ <sup>admiration</sup> ~~enhanced~~ <sup>enhanced</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~luscious~~ <sup>luscious</sup> ~~beauty~~ <sup>beauty</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup>  
 the scene.

While these lovers supported themselves, I amused myself with my gun, and with myself in the most witty manner, then I would leap forward, and feel that great prick, and I would leap out, then I would lay with his dills, and press my breasts a little, and then I would lay with him to give him great pleasure. At last the comedy came and ended scene one.

As soon as they had recovered themselves a little, Julia jumped up, and giving me a loving kiss, placed herself on all fours. Mr. Lyons, who I was very stiff and thick as my thumb, retruded it at least three inches. I did not mind her, and I wasp the lovely hays, drew it to a little rose bud, just visible between the cheeks, I then expensively formed little bum.

little bum.  
I've now got both of 'em, and grasping my bub-  
bles, drove his stalwart cock into my cunny; and  
every time he gave, his belly went bang, bang,  
against my breasts, causing them to quiver and  
tremble. In with the strokes, then he would lay  
himself along my white legs, and kissing my shanks  
with unctious.

It was a most fascinating scene, and was prolonged for some time, till Julia (whose cunning I had been tripping with my hand) exclaimed,

• Ah-ah! I'm coming! Oh, delightful bliss! A-a-



ah! I-o-y! Oh-oh! ur-r-r! \* and her head stooped  
on the pillow while I withdrew my hand, dried and  
wiped with the velvet and dew.

Almost at the same moment Evelyn, who had been  
thrilled with great sympathy, also began to give  
notice.

\* Oh, my darling lady! U-r-r! sweet creature, this is bl-bl-ss, bliss in-deed! Hah! \*

He spent into the a water, cold ring summer shower.

My own class just then meeting here, we spent  
together, and I, looking forward on the lecture as  
full of life, live friends translated into the  
several languages of the world, before  
my eyes, I found to be in a beautiful garden,  
as it was with the loveliest and most fragrant flowers.  
Lovers fringed here from the streets on every  
side, and living pricks with gorgeous wings, ditta  
ed from branch to branch, even and now, alighting  
upon some lovely garden cypress, and a ~~wing~~ wing  
to the good love, all that and the celebrated pic-  
ture of the "Love Birds" by Kaulback.

This beautiful vision so called me that I lay  
still for some minutes. It was as if they were  
leaping to perch on my never, shall I forget that bliss-  
ful swoon. What a wonderful thing is sensual  
delight! All the graces in the gods' presen-  
ces!

We now went into the bath and refreshed ourselves, for the crowning joys of the day. In the evening we were well housed when we retired to our comfortable beds.

We were all three melting with voluptuous sex.

sations, and I flung myself back on the bed, with an abandon that was ready for anything.

“No, no! I never do, I’m taking her little sunny  
morning with me, I’ve saved and gathered her,  
that the sweet creature knows her time with the  
pleasures that I really could give her and she  
wants. But one cannot be perfectly happy in this world,”  
as poor Sir Charles was wont to say, for in a short  
quarter of an hour our Christmas Eve dinner  
in my mouth, Julia on his tongue, and I on hers! —  
and here ended scene the third.

We now got into bed, hugging and kissing each other. I was playing with Ed's now reduced and miniature penis, when suddenly a thought seemed to strike him, and it grew rapidly in my hand.

"What is it, my dearest boy?" said I.

He placed his lips close to my ear, and whispered that, - he should like to fuck my breasts. -

No sooner said than done. I squeezed them together, he squeezed me, and insinuating his yard between them, I pressed my face to his weeds and forwards for some minutes, till I felt him behind, when suddenly, jet! jet! out shot his juice and deluged my neck all over!

This was the finish, and all of us feeling much fatigued with our sports, Julia went to bed, Evelyn

made his exit by the window, and I, after a good ablution, put on a clean bedgown and retired to rest, just as the stable clock chimed the hour of midnight.

But this letter has been much too long for your patience, my dear Phoebe, so adieu.

Your loving friend,

LESLIA

## LETTER VI.

In which the story of the *Lusus Naturæ* is concluded, showing how a Saint, being tempted of the Devil in the form of an Angel of Light became a sinner

FROM LADY LESBIA GOWER TO PHEBE.

Since I penned my last billet, my dear Phoebe, the Devil has made a fine conversion in this place.

For more than a fortnight, I nightly entertained my young visitors, no one in the house, save us three, having the slightest idea of what was going on.

At length one unlucky morning, just as Master Evelyn was coming down by the grape vine, about five in the morning, who should see him but the gardener. (I must tell you, though, that we had passed a most delicious night, but had unfortunately all fallen asleep in each other's arms, and did not wake till that hour).

To resume. The gardener saw him. Now this

fellow — a green eyed, red-headed Scotchman, was jealous of his fruit. Starched Presbyterian was written in every line of his wizened visage, and he was ill-natured as he was ugly. "Very well, Master Evelyn," cried he, "very well, sir! I'll take care my leddy is made to ken o' your doings; getting up at five o'clock to steal the grapes. A'weel! A'weel! its an awfu' sinful world!"

The boy only laughed at this tirade, and snapping his fingers in the face of Mr Macdoodle, ran away.

My cousin, Lady B, appeared awfully solemn when she entered the breakfast room, and gravely saluting Julia and myself, never noticed poor Evelyn. She read prayers with a deeper conventional twang than usual, and as soon as they were over, and the servants retired, the storm burst forth.

"I am excessively annoyed and displeased with you, Evelyn," the good lady began; "I hoped that the deeply religious training you had undergone in this house, would have produced better fruits. What! you, who I am bringing up to be a gentleman, demean yourself by being a thief! Fie! I am ashamed of you. To get up at five in the morning and like a stable boy, to climb my grape vine, at the peril of your life, to steal my grapes! Naughty, naughty boy! What do you think, sir, will become of your soul? There!" continued my cousin, getting herself up, "never look at me in that smiling manner. I will give you something to laugh for, I promise you!"

Here I ventured to intercede for my favorite. I told her he was young, that after all, it was a boy's frolic, and that it was more for the fun of the

thing than for the grapes, as they were not near ripe yet.

But all would not do; he must be flogged, she said, and that it might be well done, she would do it herself.

The meal over, she led the poor boy to a room at the top of the house, and seeing that I and Julia were about to accompany her, she stopped us. "As for you, Julia, I am surprised that you should think of coming. It would be highly improper for a young lady of your age to see a naked boy, but you, cousin, can help me to hold his legs, so do you come if you please."

As soon as we reached the attic, Lady B. made Evelyn lean across an old table, and fastening his hands to the legs of it, pulled his breeches and pulled them down to his ankles; then begging of me to hold his legs fast, which I did with much regret, she drew a formidable birch from a closet, and, after another jobation on the heinousness of his offence, commenced laying on without mercy.

At first the poor lad roared out most lustily, but after the first dozen cuts he became quiet, and turning his head round to me, on the opposite side from where Lady B. was standing, I saw the rogue was laughing. His innocent little cock began to swell, and soon stood out in its noblest proportions. I saw my cousin glance at it, first with a look of amazement, then of visible pleasure; she turned red and pale by turns, then relaxed her blows, and finally stopped altogether.

"Thank you, cousin," said she, "do not let me detain you longer, to be sure, I want to talk privately to this bad boy. I shall be down stairs soon."

I shut the door behind me and went down the first flight of stairs with some noise, then slipping off my shoes, I ran down, taking two steps at a time. When I passed through the key-hole I observed Lady B. had untied Evelyn's hands, and was sitting in a chair, and that she in her left arm was round his waist, while the other pressed — should I believe my eyes — yes, grasped his stiff cock!

"I am sorry, my dear boy," she was saying, "I am sorry I hit you so hard, but you will not do so any more, will you?" (Chafing his prick.)

"No aunty, indeed I won't," answered the boy demurely.

"And how long is it, my dear, since your little thing took to swelling in this extraordinary manner?"

"Ever since I was seven years old," answered Evelyn, "a nursery maid my mother had used to sleep with me and play with it every night, and so it began to grow, until it gets sometimes as big as you see."

"Extraordinary!" cried Lady B., trembling all over, "and what else used the naughty nursemaid to do?"

"Why, she used to throw me on her belly, and put it into the place between her legs."

"And you liked that, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, very much indeed," said the little rogue, with an arch smile. "I saw the saint was thawing fast, and was exceedingly amused."

"Suppose I was to let you do that to me," he hoarsely whispered the next day as we sat, squeezing her legs together, "should you like it?"

of the community, of all things, as has been the  
law.

"Well then, so we will, my darling, but now you must not tell."

• I tell! oh, never! never! •

Then my cousin drew up her clothes, raising her knees as high as she could, and then she showed her face, not that her head and coat, with its long curls of flax hair, and girding him in, they were so containing and bearing with all the severity of love. There did she make him repeat the use he made of her as a sister, and then, and not till then, did she allow him to listen up his small elches.

"Now, Evelyn," said she, "you have only to be prudent and cautious, and come and see me sometimes in my bed-room at night, and your fortune's made, in future you shall do just as you like. You shall have a journey to me and plenty of money, fruit, wine, and anything you please. The lord's garden I will send away, and you shall be perfectly happy. I thought," said the tradeswoman, passing her hand across her heated brow, "that these passions were extinguished in me for ever, but God's will be done." I see I am only a sinner after all, when I thought myself a saint!"

" All right, Andy, " an' we shall go up to town,  
and see the opera, and the play, and I shall see  
you every where, sweet, and I loved her as I loved  
she was my life "

\* Bless the boy, how he does run on, " said I, saying  
Bess, please let me see, " then, " now, we must let  
you be good & let me see. Obedience, "

rented to my friend. Here I found James and his

very unhappy, but looking the fool I quickly was  
straightened, & relating as I had seen and heard, to  
her inexpressible surprise.

"The fact is, my dear Julia," said I laughing. "I knew your aunt, as you may suppose, being her cousin, many years ago, when she was quite young, long before I had it of my size and her, and I assure you, I am ever ready at an entrance there. I should think that fifty calls had her at different times, just before her marriage with her own, when she was now here. But at that marriage she was all at once very correct and I know. But that which is real in the land is not long kept down by the spirit. So the saint is become a sinner again, as I have just seen and heard."

"I only hope," cried Julia, "that she won't engross Evelyn all to herself."

"Oh, never fear, I answered laughing, 'tis a  
lad of spirit, and having her in his power he will  
take care she does not ask him in his other little  
affairs of love, you may depend."

• Then you think this is rather a fortunate occurrence? •

"That I do, and I did," said I. "But, my dear little girl, do pray remember me a little, I am so excited with what I have seen, that I can hardly express my—If."

[illegible]

"I could handle you, Packer," said I.



• How ' you congratulate me? •  
• Ma foi! yes. You played your part to perfection. •

• Played my part! • said the cunning fox,  
• what? how? I don't understand. •

• The deuce! the boy is naughtily itself, • and I laughed heartily.

• I am the deuce, take me if I know what you allude to, • means •

• No sense, Evelyn, I was looking through the key-hole •

• Whew! • exclaimed the young rascal, making a dreadful face. • You were peeping, Lady Gower, were you? then I have done. •

The dear boy caught me in his arms; and kissed me, while little Juna, looking rather jealous, put up her pretty face for one also.

My cousin, after this adventure, gradually returned to her old jovial life, drawing off from her sanctified friends one by one, she at length got rid of them all. But it became evident to her that she must also purge her house of all her serious servants, for there seemed a mutiny brewing, in consequence of the altered state of things. No prayers, or prayer meetings, but lots of billiard, fêtes champêtres, and fric-à-la, I therefore proposed to return my visit, by coming back with me to London.

• You know, my dear Thalia, • said I, • my house in Cavendish square is large enough to hold you all. I am like you, I know, with no one to control my actions and we shall be free to enjoy ourselves and live over again with those vanished creatures, the voluptuous sort of life we then

enjoyed before matrimony cast over us the veil of starched propriety •

• But my dear Leshia, how about my thirteen servants here? •

• Well, if you take my advice, cousin, you will shut this filthy old place, with its look towers, gables, and gloomy narrow windows, dirty corridors, etc., shut it up, my dear Thalia, place old John and his wife in charge on both wages, pay up the others, with a month's wage over and above, and send them about their business. •

• How you do rattle on, Leshia! I declare you are the same madcap you ever were. What you say, however, is all vastly fine, but you forget I have let my town house for a term of years, and when my visit to you is over, where am I to go? •

• Stuff! • said I, • visit over indeed! Why of course stay with me altogether, and we'll take the children to the play, and to Ranelagh, we'll have routs and balls, and be very merry and happy. •

• Oh, very well, dear, as you please, • said my cousin.

So, my dear Phoebe, here we all are at my house in Cavendish square.

Evelyn and Julia are charmed with the change, the spacious state of apartments, furnished on the XV, the sumptuous hangings, the marble and staircase, the splendid hall, five of the old powdered wig men, and my solemn and aged uncle, whose six, being now aged six, is almost covered with grey hair, besides the great odds and parcels of oddity who are valued here every day, to my then respects.

But all this will not much interest you my

Phoebe. You, who like best a good practical fun-  
king episode — have at you then.

Four chambers, each opening into the other by  
means of a sliding panel, constitute our sleeping  
apartments, and thus we can receive or visit each  
other whenever we like, and yet the servants be  
completely ignorant of what is going on.

Thus, in one of our other rooms, are enacted  
frequently the most voluptuous scenes.

Sometimes we form the position called "the py-  
ramid." My woman and I each kneel naked on the  
floor of the bed; Julia mounts us with a knee upon  
each of our backs, and a hand upon each of our  
shoulders. Then Evelyn, standing naked on a  
chair, describes a triangle, the apex whereof is  
Julia's crotch, into which he gives his prick for a  
while, then lowering it, gives Thina a few thrusts.  
And now I give me the like satisfaction. This is  
good sport, and the game of "one, two, three," as  
we call it, often lasts half an hour.

At other times we throw a dark green coverlid  
over the bed, and all three, stark naked, lie thereon  
in the most tempting attitude. This is our allego-  
rized position, we call, "the garden," "the velvet  
lawn," and we are the flowers, while  
Evelyn, in his character of "the bee," flies from one  
to the other, sipping with his tongue the  
sweetness of the garden, and the lawn, with a regular  
tickling and gnawing match, in which all take  
part.

At other times we divert ourselves with a  
quarrel, each person dressing in their own room.

As soon as, by a preconcerted signal, we know  
that all have finished with their several duties, we

ourselves, put out all the lights, and feel our way to  
the room selected for that evening. So soon as all  
are assembled, Julia is brought and fifty ways  
and means are used to amuse the company. Let us  
describe a few.

First, there is a gay gallant dressed in a rich  
compel — it, diamond hilted sword, bag, and  
chaunce. His horse, but under his arm and his  
willow hat, he is dressed in a rich  
somebody in a town. This gallant is you.

Next there is an elderly stout gentleman attired  
in black, with a white cravat, like a village parson.  
His name is Mr. B. Lady B.

Close by is a young man, with spotted gown,  
and a young woman, with spotted gown,  
stood near the door, and the young man  
her back. This lovely lass is Evelyn.

Next is a young shepherd boy, with pipe and  
book, a la Watteau.

These were the dramatic personae, all being  
masked, and none of us knowing, except from con-  
jecture, who the other was. Herein lay the sport.

To make the thing more interesting, each  
each of the male characters was furnished with a  
dildo, the gallant and the parson with a large one,  
the little shepherd boy with one of smaller dimensions,  
so that the country girl stood a poor chance.

All being ready, the gallant made his approaches  
to the country lass.

The parson tackled the shepherd, and the fun  
commenced.

« Pon honour, » began the gallant, » you are a vastly pretty creature, my dear, and have the finest face I ever saw, damme! How old are ye my dear? »

« Seventeen years and a quarter come Martinmas, an't please ye, sir, » replied the girl, dropping a curtsey.

« And you've some pretty little bubs here, I'll warrant, » cried the gallant, thrusting his hand into her breast.

« Oh, la! fie Sir! doant, doant! »

« Yes, but I must and will, damme! Don't think I'm to be put off that way! » and he thrust his hand up her clothes.

« Oh lord! marcy! what are you arter? Oh my! now you've been and pulled all my clothes up behind. Well, I never! what is that? what is that? » for the gallant had displayed his prick (otherwise dildoe) and was thrusting it in the rear of the country girl.

While this scene was enacting between these two, the parson became very loving with the shepherd boy, caressing him in a manner not at all clerical. At length unbuttoning his flap, he let out an enormous cock (dildoe again) and letting down the boy's breeches, menaced him in a manner truly alarming; then passing his hand in front, he began to toy with a stiff little affair (i. e. dildoe N° 3) as he shot in behind.

Meanwhile the country girl (Evelyn) and the gallant (myself), not finding much satisfaction in the attitude they had taken up, shifted it. The country lass lay on the bed, I dropped off dildoe, his long,

erect prick entered me, and a fuck long and rapturous ensued.

A double dildoe also enabled the parson (lady B), and the shepherd boy (Julia) to gratify their mutual inclinations, and yet maintain the delusion of the masque.

At length, as the clock chimed twelve, the masks were flung aside, and each recognised their companion.

« Well, I declare, » exclaimed Evelyn, « I really thought you were aunty. »

« And I, » cried Julia, « imagined that in his reverence I had recognised dear Lady Gower! See how one may be deceived. »

Then we sat down to a delicious collation, and whiled away an hour at quadrille, or lasquenette: both games you used to like, dear Phoebe.

Then we had a few songs, accompanied by the lute, and after that to bed. Another amusement is the bath, and my house contains a large one, worthy the name, in which twenty people could all bathe at once commodiously.

This bath, which is entirely of marble, was constructed for me by an Italian architect. It is circular, and the exact model of a small temple of Venus at Nola. It is in the Cornithian style, and lighted from the centre of the dome by an oil de bœuf.

All round the piscina in the centre of the chamber, is a platform for the accommodation of the bathers, and marble statues representing water nymphs the size of life, and the marble slightly tinted resembles life; so that when we were all splashing about in the water, if a stranger had entered, he

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would have taken those reclining statues for some of our party, so life-like did they appear.

There are many worse things than a fock in the water. I have, as a child, often watched the ducks at this fun, and most amusing it was. I little thought then that I should ever be « duck fucked, » as we call it.

We swim about in all directions, imitating ducks. — « Quack, quack ! » Then follows the old drake, repeating the cry, and presently jumps upon one of us (the drake of course being Evelyn), then the duck attacked, dives, and the stiff tool of Mr. Drake is foiled for that turn.

You have no idea of the excitement and fun of this game, only it is necessary that both the men and women who play at it should be good swimmers, as there is no sport at all unless the water is at least seven feet deep.

Many a hot summer's afternoon have I passed at this game, since my cousin and her proteges came up to town, and believe me there are few things like it.

Here we are, then, a united happy family, and here I hope my fair guests may long remain.

The two children — who are of course, dressed in the extremity of the mode — really appear most bewitching. They are made so much of by my friends and acquaintances, that I almost fear they will become conceited and spoiled.

But I think I have now told you all I have to tell, so adieu, my old friend.

Your own

LESSIE.

## LETTER VII.

Containing a remarkable adventure that befel a sailor, fresh returned from sea.

CAPTAIN SHIVERMYTIMBERS TO PHŒBE.

My dear Phœbe,

You always were a tight craft, and a ticlar favorite of mine. I will, therefore, tell you an adventure I met with at Ranelagh the other night.

I had just been to splice the mainbrace at one of those alcoves where the lush is sold, and was moving off on a bowline, when a smart, saucy looking frigate, with all her pennants flying, bore down on my starboard quarter, and raising her bow-ports—which you landlubbers call eyelids—she fired two such well aimed shots at me from her bow chasers, that brought me up all standing.

« Ship ahoy ! » says she.

« Ahoy ! » says I.

« What ship's that ? » says she.

« The Tollyrouser ! » says I.

« Where are you bound ? » says she.

« To Cunnyport, » says I.

« Come on board, » says she.

« Aye, aye ! » says I.

So ranging up alongside, I doused my quid, and putting it in my pocket, I wiped my mouth with the back of my hand, and saluted the saucy frigate.

« Come, captain, » says she, « will you take me in tow ? »



"With the greatest pleasure in the world," says I. "Hook on with your grappling irons, miss; and I offered her my arm."

"The cockpit is all ready," says she; "let's get out of the crowd and go under the trees, where there's not so much light."

"Heave ahead!" says I, and we made for a dark shrubbery; but before leaving the blaze of the light from the lamps, I stole a good squint at the prize, and a prettier young girl I never saw in my life.

"Any shot in the locker, Jack?" says she.

"Lots my girl," says I.

"Gold?" says she, again.

"Here you are," says I, and slipped a guinea into her hand.

By this we had reached the coppice, and coming to a seat, she knelt upon it, and pulling up her duds, said laughing.

"All the sailors say I have the cleanest run, and finest counter they ever saw; so I always take up this position."

"Damn my eyes and limbs!" says I, "all the positions are the same to me."

And I ran out my jibboom, grasping her by the hips.

She had an arse as hard as a nine pound shot, and as soft as satin; and as she guided in my yard, my belly hit against her buttocks with a noise like the flapping of a seventy-four's maintopsail in a gale of wind.

I thought her wonderfully tight, but supposed she had not been long on town. Yet, after we had been poking some time, I thrust my hand round in front

of her forty at least, that in a month she married him.

Then everything went to the devil. Captain Jackson would get drunk; Captain Jackson would eat the watch; Captain Jackson would bring strange whores into the house. He was in debt; creditors came there and dunned him. He was a bully, so the men of quality, who used to go there, gave the house up. He was a gamester, and soon squandered all Phoebe's money (except, indeed, her little annuity, which he did not know of).

As for Chloe, when she saw how matters were going, she came to me, and I managed to withdraw her share in the Bagnio, Phoebe purchasing both it and her share in the freehold, and Chloe retired with a fortune of £ 20,000 or more in Consols.

With Phoebe, things went on from bad to worse. Her house got an ill name. The Captain mortgaged the freehold, debts increased, the furniture was seized, and the house closed. A few days after this climax, her husband was carried to his lodgings in a dying condition, having been run through the lungs in a duel with a gentleman, whom he had insulted at a ball in St. James's the night before. This was indeed a happy release for poor Phoebe, who although ruined by her reckless husband, was soon set up in a new house by some of her old patrons, where Chloe was only too glad to rejoin her. Phoebe and Chloe are now the joint mistresses of the too celebrated White House in Soho, and some times honor me with their confidence, by asking my advice how to invest their rapidly increasing fortune; I am also the custodian of all their title deeds and curious correspondence, and it is their joint wish

that I should some day (when they have finally retired) bring out a short memoir of their famous establishment and enlighten the world as to the devilries and revelries there carried on.

I am, my dear Sir,

Your faithful servant,

REGINALD RANDALL.

Temple, 17<sup>th</sup>. August, 1742.  
To Frederic Mossecock Esq,  
Park Lane.

THE END.

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